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W. R. HEARST.

A AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Reform the Army.

The time has
come for the mili-
tary committees
of the House and

Senate to begin the serious consid-
eration of a measure of genuine
army reorganization. That does not
mean a measure giving Alger, Cor-
bin and Eagan four times as many
men to mismanage as they have
now, but one creating a system un-
der which such evil elements as may
be left in the service after the
thorough house-cleaning that is
now imperative may be harmless.
Reform must come before increase.

If we are going to be a military
power we must organize our army
on a military basis. We must take
it out of the hands of politicians,
and make it a purely professional
service, as the navy is. We must
create a definite chain of authority
and responsibility, so that every of-
ficer may know exactly whom he
has the right to command and
whom he must obey. We must
abolish the system by which staff
officers are divorced from the line
and cooped up for life in the un-
wholesome political atmosphere of
the War Department at Washing-
ton. And finally we must provide
a method by which the service may
be constantly recruited with trained
officers, imbued with the traditions

of military honor, knowing when to
hold their tongues and when and
how to speak, and never forgetting,
under any provocation, what is due
to the character of American gen-
tlemen.

Not a single one of the officers
whose incompetence, ill-breeding,
insubordination or self-seeking has
brought the army into disgrace is a
graduate of West Point. Shafter,
Brooke, Corbin, Eagan, Sternberg,
Huidekoper, and all the rest of the
vicious muddlers whose perform-
ances have bedraggled our military
reputation, are men who climbed
into the army over the fence with-
out going through the training
needed to enable them to fill their
positions with credit.

Of course, we do not mean to say
that there are no good officers ex-
cept West Pointers. General Miles
himself entered the army as a vol-
unteer. But while we may get good
officers in other ways, we are sure to
get them through West Point.

If we are to increase the regular
army let us have a great national
university at West Point to go
with it.

THE PUNISH- MENT OF THE POISONER.

Another week has
ended and the poi-
soner of Mrs. Adams
still roams with free
man, perhaps unsus-
pected, certainly un-
molested. The police say they are active, and
by constant conferences, whispered consulta-
tions, hurried comings and goings hither and
thither, create at least an impression of
activity. Arrests are continually promised;
none has been made.

The case is an unusually interesting one;
the public are hungry for fresh details, and
each step taken by the police and the private
detectives who are at work on it is followed
by every newspaper reader with an interest
that is almost avidity. And among these hun-
dreds of thousands of men and women who
are daily following the development of the
mystery, there is the Poisoner.

Let us take it for granted, for the moment,
that it was a man who sent the poison. He
reads the newspapers as you read them; he
knows at least as much of what the police
are doing as you do. And, above all, he
knows how near or how far they are from
the truth.

That man may go undetected; he will not
go unpunished. His punishment began on
the day when he learned that his weapon had
gone astray; he had killed the wrong person.
The imagination can hardly conceive the

full horror of the Poisoner's life from the day
that Mrs. Adams died to this. His arrest,
trial and execution would be almost peaceful
compared with the mental anguish, the re-
morse, the awful fluctuations between faint
hope and sickening fear that surge through
his heart as the detectives come nearer or
wander farther from his trail. How can he
sleep of nights? Can opiates control the fear-
ful dreams of disgrace and death that must
run riot through his brain? And the daily
awakenings—how the cold sweat of horror
must chill him as each morning he wakes to
face the agony of another day!

His is a punishment that is worse than
death. He is like a man tied to a tree, who
feels a snake winding closer and closer around
him, always upward, reaching for his heart.
The sting of the fangs and the quick death
will be a sweet relief from torture.

EAGAN MUST PAY THE PENALTY.

Eagan must face a
court martial. The
friendship of Alger
will not save him.
The withdrawal of
his indecent language
will have no bearing on the case. The Presi-
dent cannot refuse to order his arraignment.
His offence was so flagrant that no apology
can atone for it. His defamation of General
Miles was malicious and premeditated. He
wrote out his coarse insults, and furnished
the representatives of the press with advance
copies of his testimony. It was his purpose
to give them the widest circulation.

Eagan's punishment should be in keeping
with his offence. Nothing short of his dis-
honorable dismissal from the army will an-
swer. He has disgraced the uniform he
wears, has brought discredit upon the army,
has wantonly and grossly assailed his su-
perior officer, thus putting himself beyond
the pale of sympathy or consideration.

The attack upon General Miles is the nat-
ural sequence of the treatment accorded the
commanding general of the army by the War
Department. Eagan was no doubt encour-
aged by Alger's attempts to humiliate Miles
and discredit his authority during the Cuban
campaign. But he went too far. The im-
munity that he enjoyed under Alger will not
protect him now.

The matter is in the hands of the President,
and regard for the good name of the army,
respect for its commanding general and the
demands of an outraged public will compel
him to order a court martial for Eagan with-
out delay.

INDORSEMENT FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

Here is a letter
from a reader who
has had opportuni-
ties to know what
he is talking about:

"I have carefully read
the editorial, 'Traitors at Home,' in yesterday's
issue of the New York Journal, and, being well
acquainted with the customs, habits and feelings
of almost every Spanish-speaking colony—Phil-
ippines and Cuba especially—I think you could not
have more specifically brought before the public
the causes of the present situation in the Phil-
ippines. Politics has undone, or, at least, tries
to undo, the quick work performed by
gallant Dewey and his men. In fact, as
you justly observe: 'If we had followed
up that blow and at once proclaimed
American rule throughout the islands, our
flag would have been received every-
where with acclamations.'"

Let us hope that the natives of those islands
will at last understand that by an amiable agree-
ment with the Americans every facility will be
given them, and that under American protection
the natural riches of their country will soon be
developed and an era of prosperity will open to them
such as they never dreamed of under Spanish rule
or if left to govern themselves.

Philippines are not ripe enough for such hard and
imperative work. "A TRAVELLER."
No. 356 Lexington avenue, New York, Jan. 12.

The responsibility that rests upon the mis-
chief-making Small Americans would appall
people of keen sensibilities. But the Small
Americans are not persons of sensitive imagi-
nations. If they were they would not be
Small Americans.

THE JOCKEY CLUB IN A CORNER.

Time was when it
was the fashion
among the critics to
condemn the Jockey
Club as a mere rac-
ing trust. That was

in the days shortly following the club's incor-
poration. The cry never has been altogether
silenced, although in view of the unques-
tionable improvement in the status of the turf
it has necessarily died to a mere whisper.
Now the facts are such that the clamor is al-
most sure to rise again in redoubled vigor.

Why? Because the Jockey Club is becom-
ing just such a trust as it was once sup-
posed to be. Because the power, that should
be intrusted to the entire club, the body that
supposedly concentrates all the best and most
reputable element of the Eastern racing
world, is becoming vested in a small coterie,
a mere fraction of the parent body.

It is not that other members of the club
cannot be induced to take an active hand in
the administration of affairs. Such a man
as William C. Whitney, who has helped to
steer the ship of state and engineered finan-
cial deals the mere hugeness of which would
paralyze the average steward of the Jockey
Club, would be available if the matter were
presented in the proper light. The good that
a man of the calibre of Mr. Whitney could
do to the American turf if he were induced
to occupy a representative position is incal-
culable. He would carry more weight than a
thousand such men as have been figuring as
stewards merely that they might do the
bidding of the controlling figures.

On Thursday at the annual meeting of the
Jockey Club three stewards to serve two
years each were elected. The retiring mem-
bers of the board were Messrs. P. R. Hitch-
cock, Andrew Miller and James Galway.
The club saw fit to re-elect these same stew-
ards. This leaves the control virtually in
the hands of one man—the chairman, Mr.
August Belmont. The only counterbalance is
supplied by Mr. James R. Keene, the vice-
chairman. The rest of the stewards are mere

marionettes who will dance as the string
dictates.

Mr. Belmont undoubtedly did a great ser-
vice to the turf when by putting his shoulder
to the wheel and getting other men of equal
social prominence to do likewise he saved the
law and secured the passage of the existing
law, the Percy-Gray law. Still there is a
limit to everything. Mr. Belmont is strong,
but he should be more magnanimous than to
wish to monopolize the Jockey Club's power.
He should be glad to have the advice of
strong outside counsellors, such as Mr. Whit-
ney would be, rather than to gather around
him year after year mere creatures of him-
self. Any one acquainted with the men re-
elected on Thursday can gauge how far the
chairman of the Jockey Club is encouraging
any element that might antagonize his will.

THE PROTEST AGAINST POLYGAMY.

Assemblyman De-
laney has introduced
a resolution in the
Legislature which re-
quests the Congress-
men-elect from this
State "to unite in urging such proper action
in Congress, whether by constitutional
amendment or otherwise, as shall forever
exclude and disqualify any person practising
polygamy or plural marriage from mem-
bership in the national Congress."

A resolution protesting against the seating
of Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah, has
also been offered in the Massachusetts Leg-
islature.

The united opposition of the law-making
bodies of the various States will re-enforce
the petitions of private citizens that will
overwhelm the members of the next Con-
gress. There is no mistaking the public feel-
ing against Roberts. It is growing in inten-
sity. The defiance of the leaders of the Mor-
mon Church, as shown in the interviews
printed in the Journal, has impressed upon
the people the necessity of dealing vigorously
with their personal representative when he
demands his seat in the House.

THE POLICE MAKING NO PROGRESS.

The same old farce
is being played in the
poisoning case. No
arrests and no possi-
bility of any. The
police keep up a sem-
blance of activity, but they are very careful
not to take any positive step.

In the handling of this important case they
have failed to demonstrate the slightest abili-
ty. No clew of value has been discovered by
them. They have blundered at every point.

With a stupidity that must have behind it
the incentive of an authoritative suggestion
the police have avoided confirming suspicions
that might reveal the identity of the mur-
derer. They have applied neither energy nor
skill to the work, leaving to others the task
of bringing the offender to justice.

The public cannot be deceived by a pre-
tence of eagerness. The promises of the po-
lice are valueless. They are only part of the
carefully planned scheme to conceal the most
brazen exhibition of official negligence that
even the Police Department of New York has
been guilty of.

The True American Spirit.

Editor of the New York Journal:
The Journal is the greatest exponent of Amer-
icanism published to-day. It is catholic in its
sympathy, patriotic in its aim. It does not give to a party
what was meant for mankind. The Journal is
what it claims to be, "An American Paper for
the American People." Such a journalistic force
is a godsend in these degenerate days.

Let us be Americans, first, last and all the
time. We seek no foreign copartnership, silent
or active, in working out the problems of the
nation's destiny. None but ourselves can be our
compeers or parallel. We own no tutelary patron
among the crowned heads of monarchical Europe.
The great and pulsant American Republic should
never shake hands across the bloody chasm with
any government that upholds the doctrine of the
divine right of kings. The Philippines are ours
by right of conquest; ours because the Stars
and Stripes are there and there to stay. It were
rank treason to haul them down.

Spain's charter has been nullified and abrogated
by the unanimous vote of the parliament of the
world. Her sceptre is broken, and her way has
passed away. She has been weighed in the
balance and found wanting.

A. E. COSTELLO,
No. 4 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street,
New York City.

A Question for McKinley and Alger,

Editor of the New York Journal:
In view of the outlook at Manila, how is it that
the head of the army is not on the ground in-
stead of carrying on a newspaper war here with
political favorites who happen to hold official po-
sitions?

Are we to have a repetition of the blunders and
official murder of the Shafter campaign? If so, we
had better withdraw in time to avoid defeat.

NEW YORK, JAN. 13.

A Letter of Thanks from Governor Bushnell.
Executive Department, Office of the Governor,
Columbus, O., Jan. 12, 1899.

Editor of the New York Journal:
Dear Sir—I beg leave to offer many thanks for
the copy of the Protocol and Peace Treaty.
Assuring you of my entire appreciation of this
courtesy on your part, I am, very respectfully
yours,
ASA S. BUSHNELL,
Governor of Ohio.

Goose-Liver Pie.

Now the Goose prided himself particularly upon
being a patron of literature.

"I give literature my quill," quoth the Goose,
"but not my liver!"
Thus it came about that the poets were per-
mitted to write on and on, but were not permitted
to kill themselves eating pate de foie gras.

This fable teaches that true generosity is dis-
tinguished rather by what it withholds than by
what it gives.—Detroit Journal.

Veracity.

There is another version which reflects far more
credit upon the boy, George Washington.

"Father," remarked George, "do you know what
will knock that cold of yours?"
Grip, understand, was not yet invented.

"No," answered the old man, anxiously.
"I cannot tell a lie, father," George thereupon
exclaimed, with emotion, "Neither do I!"
Talk about veracity under stress!—Detroit Journal.

Simplified.

"You use dots and dashes in sending messages,"
remarked the idle young person who was watching
the man at the telegraph instrument.

"Yes," answered the operator, who was quite
busy, "except when we are sending reports of
what some of these army people say about one
another. Then we don't use anything but the
dashes."—Washington Star.

MAN'S CROWNING INFAMY.

WINIFRED BLACK
by her dispatches
to the Journal
from Salt Lake,
in which she gives her in-
terviews with Mormon
women—widows of Brigh-
am Young and wives
of living Saints—puts us
in possession of very
queer and enlightening knowledge. Mrs. Black is
an accomplished journalist, a combination of pho-
tographer, phonograph and artist, and therefore
enables us to see and hear these lady Mormons as
if we were in their presence.

It was already known that where there are
polygamous husbands there must be polygamous
wives, but to the monogamous mind it was deemed
obvious that the latter must suffer untold agonies
in their degradation. Not to assume that was to
take the rank of the wretch whose low view of
women betrays his own want of morals and re-
finement, as well as his lack of those social opor-
tunities which insure the elevating influence of
the sex and the approval of the clergy. The a
priori argument was irrefragable.

Woman, though she may lack man's rude phys-
ical strength, is of a finer moral fibre than he—
more delicate in her sensibilities, more instinctive
in her aversion to grossness, more beautifully sub-
limed in her intuitive recognition of the higher and holier
verities of life; in a word, more spiritual. Con-
sequently, if you subject this pure and fragile and
sensitive being to the unspeakable environment of a
polygamous harem you manifestly condemn her
to agonies.

On the contrary, she likes it. Theory can't stand
against fact, and Winifred Black gives the testi-
mony of the polygamous wives themselves. They
are more ardent for the horrible institution than
are the men. These witnesses are not low-browed,
broad-brimmed, ignorant peasants, but Americans,
some of them educated, some in the professions,
and in all but their fondness for polygamy appar-
ently just like their Gentile sisters.

Polygamy, they say, is so much more unselfish
than monogamy. And that, on the woman's side,
is self-evidently true. It is a means of grace, they
assert, in that it turns the mind to so many duties
that no time is left for nerves and megrims.
"When I see women fretting and frowning about
foolish things and spending all their time on dress
and nonsense," said a dowager who was one of
Brigham Young's first wives, "I wish I could give
them a few years of pioneer life, with a big
family of their own and two or three families of
other women to look after. That would do them
good. I lived in the Beehive with all the other
wives. We loved each other like sisters, and we
loved each other's children like our own. Plural
marriage is the best thing for women. They are
happier in it and better off than in monogamy."

There is an alarming sincerity about that. As
life means to this Mormon grandmother only the
rearing of children, the doing of housework and
the conscientious discharge of the humdrum daily
duties of material existence, one can understand
the honesty of her belief that polygamy is best
for women. In the Beehive there was no concep-
tion of higher things than which occupy the
thought and energies of ninety-five wives in a
hundred the world over—no encouragement to as-
piration after the good, the beautiful, the true,
the grander things of the soul and the noble dis-
content which makes the difference between a
clod and a modern human being. Besides, the
busy, cheerful mothers of the Beehives had reli-
gion—a sort of—consume whatever of identity
and vague longing they might develop.

Polygamy, indeed, appears to impart to women

REVIEW OF THE MUSICAL WEEK.

WRITTEN BY REGINALD
DE KOVEN.

WHAT a wonderful musical week it was! and
this one bids fair to be even more remarka-
ble.

Judging from the invariable size of the audi-
ences, the town must have gone music-mad, opera-
crazy, and the quality of the music of all kinds
we are getting is certainly such as to justify al-
most any form of musical insanity.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."
It will be well for all of us to enjoy the season
while it lasts, and to store up its many delights in
the treasure houses of memory, for such another
is not likely to occur again soon, if ever.

One hardly knows where to begin to discuss
events so many and varied. Even a mere cata-
logue of them as they occurred day by day would
be lengthy, and there was no one of them but pos-
sessed its special feature and particular interest.
The performance of "Lohengrin" on Monday night
was made notable by the reappearance of M. Jean
de Reszke—the noblest Lohengrin of them all—in
the title role, and by the metropolitan debut of
Mme. Schumann-Heink as Ortrud and her im-
mediate success in that part. She is indeed a truly
great artist. In her way a sort of German Calve,
in the manner she at times subordinates mere
vocal effect to faithfulness of dramatic expression,
and yet never losing sight of the composer's musical
requirements. Mme. Calve made singing, at mo-
ments when nobody in the world would ever think
of singing, seem not only natural, but unavoi-
dable, and Mme. Schumann-Heink succeeds in cre-
ating the same impression of dramatic sincerity and
truth to nature.

She is unquestionably to-day one of the world's
greatest artists, both vocally and dramatically,
and no one who heard and saw her Ortrud will
deny her right and title to be so considered.

Mme. Nordica, always the intelligent, satisfying
artist, was the Elsa, and the performance alto-
gether was of quite unusual excellence.

Mme. Schumann's song recital on Tuesday after-
noon was wholly delightful. It seems almost pre-
sumptuous to say anything of the consummate art
of this wonderful lyric artist. I feel like admiring
her at a respectful distance; humbly and in si-
lence. And that art which acceptance is surely
for itself an awe and silent acceptance is surely
greater than that which compels the noisiest ap-
plause. Tuesday evening was marked by the ad-
vent of a new pianistic giant, Sauer, a sort of
curious compromise between Rubinstein and de

Fachmann, of whom I have already said my say
and whom we are likely to hear much of these
days.

Wednesday evening brought its regrets as well
as its pleasures. A pleasure indeed to hear Melba,
that wonderful singer with the note of the silver
bell in her voice, together with the unsurpassed
de Reszkes in their accustomed roles in Faust;
even more of a regret to be obliged to bid her
farewell, for this was her last appearance this
season at the Metropolitan. It is, of course, idle
to discuss another man's—or woman's—business,
but it does seem to me that Mme. Melba's prop-
er artistic place and sphere is at the Metropolitan
and not "on the road." But that does not alter
our regret at having to lose her, for, whatever she
may or may not be according to varied and var-
ious critical opinion, there is still only one Melba.

The audience on Wednesday night was curiously
cold and unresponsive, which made the perfor-
mance less spirited and impressive than I had ex-
pected. After all, the temper of an audience has
really everything to do with the way a perform-
ance goes, and it would be always well for audi-
ences to remember this fact for their own good.

A cycle of the dramas of "Der Ring des Nibelun-
gen," presented in the wonderfully complete and
artistic fashion that "Rheingold" was on Thurs-
day night, is surely an artistic event of notable
importance, even if the peculiar and in many
ways essential conditions which are alone pos-
sible at Bayreuth are in the nature of things not
realizable.

But can such a "cycle" be properly called a cycle
in the true spirit and meaning of the Wagnerian
intent, when the performances which should occur
consecutively are given at intervals of two and
three days, and when we have one Brunhilde for
"Walkure" and another for "Goetterdaemmerung"?
Surely this method of procedure is far removed
from the true spirit of the traditional, and I really
do not see why the four dramas of the "Ring"
might not be given in a single week, when there is
opera at the Metropolitan now every night.

But when we get it so good it is perhaps
unthankful to quarrel with it and cry for the
moon. No one surely could quarrel with the per-
formance of "Rheingold," probably the best ever
given outside of Bayreuth. Scarcely it was ar-
tistic and complete, even if the lights did go wrong
once or twice, and certainly vocally it was most
unusual. The Loze of Herr Van Dyck, the Wotan

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. HE SINGETH YE "SONGE OF YE SHIRTE."

curiosities in their way, and Mr. Fred. Weeks,
who is the only man connected with the enter-
prise, has by some mistake enclosed one to me.

Everywhere in Baltimore they are announcing
Harry Lehr's engagement to Miss Van Alen. Lehr
half the time in New York, and he absolutely
lives at the Astors'. He is always at the opera
with some member of the family, and he had
Mrs. Astor take a consignment of his wine for her
ball last Monday.

And my pretty Baltimore cousins love to dance.
They have been tripping it there just as lively as
we have here in New York. The dance of the
junior outfit at Lehman's Hall Thursday even-
ing was a great success, and was led by Redmond C.
Stewart, while among the out-of-town guests were

Advice to a Polygamous Congressman.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Congressman-elect Roberts says: "There is
nothing permanent about this sudden storm of
religious fanaticism which is attacking me. It
will soon be over. Why, I don't take my seat
until next Fall. There is a long Summer between
now and then. There is the sea serpent to think
about. When they go to telling fine tales about

him Roberts and his hideous crimes against hu-
manity will be forgotten."

Mr. Roberts seems to have strong constitutional
ground on his side; but there is unquestionably a
prejudice against the quantity of marrying in
which he is engaged. The moral sentiment of
the people is against plurality of wives. The
sentiment which is not so mighty moral is the
same way. Polygamy is opposed in this country,
and if Mr. Roberts wants to slide through a term

in Congress he should be quiet. The people will
not forget, even if a sea serpent should run up
Broadway, New York, especially if Mr. Roberts
keeps on talking about the matter. The Consti-
tution does not present a smooth way of getting
rid of Mr. Roberts, but it is to be remembered
that the House of Representatives can do pretty
much as it pleases about its own membership.
Men who have been as fairly elected to Congress
as Mr. Roberts have been have been deprived of their
seats for mere party expediency. Anyhow, Mr.
Roberts should be modest, if a man with three
wives can be.

is it to be wished that the ladies of the clubs as
platform will soon see that the Cause is not en-
barrassed but enormously advantaged by the di-
closures. The first impulse of anybody, of course
is to exclaim: "Well, these women are just a
bad as the men; there's no denying it. But mi-
turer thought will make it plain that here we
have the crowning infamy resulting from manly
tyranny."

The Cause rests on the dogma that woman is
man's intellectual equal and moral superior—
much his moral superior that were she clothed
with the ballot politics would at once be purified
and society instantly and immensely improved.
The fact that women have the ballot in Utah
and not only vote for polygamy but live in it an-
like it, would seem to shake the validity of the
dogma. Not so; far from it. If women do no
come up to expectations in Utah, whose fault
is it?

Here we fear the prize of truth from the clut-
ter of false appearance. Woman being man's intel-
tual equal and moral superior, it follows that
whenever she is shown to be man's moral equal
and intellectual inferior somebody else is to blame
Who? Man, necessarily.

Because of his arrogance and sneaking fear a
competition he has through the long ages, back to
the dawn of history and beyond, kept woman in a
state of subjection. It is this that has stunted—
if not exactly stunted, then discouraged—her men-
tality. Monopolist that he is, he has denied to
her a front place with himself in letters, science
and art. He has refused her aid in building up
cities and ships and railroads and bridges and
any telegraphs—refused her participation in the inven-
tions which have given us the evidences of brain
and skill that body forth civilization. His alone
also, is the political structure which we call the
State. But for the need of perpetuating the race
and the motive for exertion with which she sup-
plies him, man could, he affirms in his self-suffi-
cient pride, have done everything he has achieved
had woman not been upon the earth at all.

It was fancied that arrogance and tyranny could
not further go, but Miss Anthony and Dr. Ann
Shaw and all really enlightened members of the
suppressed sex will perceive that in Utah every
traditional bound has been exceeded. For there
woman has been so trampled upon, humiliated and
debilitated by man that her nature has been in-
verted and her very instincts so up-turried as to
cause her to make a god of her master, welcome
slavery, hug her chains and thank heaven for
her lot.

Responsibility for this appalling perversion be-
ing with man, upon him alone must vengeance
fall. Were there no men there could be no poly-
gamy, and Roberts would never have been elected
by female votes.

Precisely to the extent that women in Utah have
failed to prove themselves to be man's moral
superiors must pity be extended to them, poor
things! Left to themselves they doubtless would
have come up to dogmatic specifications, else the
Cause is based on an error, a destructive admis-
sion that never can be made. That they vote for
polygamy—vote gladly and praise God for the
privilege—is no argument against female suffrage.
Quite the reverse, for were the women of all the
States given the ballot they, having been reared
under monogamy, would vote down polygamy.
The circumstance that men are ready to do that
for them does not count. Are women to be for-
ever debased from bringing their moral superi-
ority to the ballot box and flooding the land with
it? What of the saloon? The pipe? The prize-
ring? And Sabbath-breaking?

of Herr Van Rooy and the Alberich of Mr. Bisp-
man were three as remarkable impersonations as
I have ever seen, in conjunction or separately, in
being, as they all were, instinct with the ele-
mental force, the rugged vitality, the freedom and
picturesqueness which make to appear lifelike and
plausible the shadowy men of those prehistoric
legendary times of which we read: "And there
were giants in those days."

And artistic giants these three gentlemen cer-
tainly were, and are.

The trio of women, too—Miss Brena as Fricka,
Mme. Schumann-Heink as Erda and Miss Marie
Engle as Freia—are in no way inferior in artistic
strength and effect, though relatively of less im-
portance to the